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THE  
ISLAND OF CUBA;

OR

QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

BY REV. L. LEONIDAS ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "PENCILINGS UPON THE RIO GRANDE;" "TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER DIFFICULTIES;" "NARRATIVE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF;" "SCENES UPON THE BATTLE FIELD, IN THE AZTEC OLIME;" "GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY OF CREATION," LATE CHAPLAIN IN THE U. S. ARMY, TEMPERANCE MISSIONARY, &C., &C.

ALLEN-DALE, OHIO, 1852.

CLEVELAND:

STEAM PRESS OF HARRIS, FAIRBANKS & CO., HERALD JOB OFFICE.

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TO THE

HON. PIERRE SOULE,

THE FEARLESS AND FIRM PATRIOT, DISTINGUISHED STATESMAN, PROFOUND  
CIVILIAN, SAGACIOUS POLITICIAN, AND CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST,

THIS LECTURE

UPON THE

ISLAND OF CUBA; OR, QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES,

Is respectfully dedicated,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF THE HIGHEST ESTEEM, AND PROFOUND REGARD.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Allen Dale, July 4, 1851.





STEAMER "BEACON," OHIO RIVER, June 17, 1851.

Rev. L. L. ALLEN—

DEAR SIR :—At a meeting of the passengers of the "Beacon," held last evening, it was unanimously

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Rev. L. L. ALLEN, for his elegant and deeply interesting address upon the Island of Cuba ; and that a copy of it be published. By complying with this request you will confer a very great favor upon the passengers, and very much oblige the committee.

With sentiments of esteem and respect,

We are, Yours, &c.,

A. C. OLDS, THOMAS JACKSON, J. T. MILLER, I. H. DRAKE, THOMAS BRUCE, A. D. SHAW, WILLIAM ROBERTS,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
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ALLEN-DALE, OHIO, July 4, 1851.

GENTLEMEN :—At the time I complied with your request to deliver an Address upon scenes in the Island of Cuba, the Queen of the Antilles ; I hinted that I should at some future period, publish, my Lecture upon that subject. I have written it out in full, and send it to the reading community, just as it is, trusting to their forbearance and that of my friends, for a kind reception.

With sentiments of the highest esteem and most profound regard,

Very respectfully, I am your friend,

To MESSRS. A. C. OLDS, THOS. JACKSON, J. T. MILLER, I. H. DRAKE, THOMAS BRUCE, A. D. SHAW, WILLIAM ROBERTS,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
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L. LEONIDAS ALLEN.

## COMPLIMENTARY.

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HALL OF GRAND DIVISION, S. OF T. OF MARYLAND, }  
BALTIMORE, September 4, 1847. }

At a Special Session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of the State of Maryland, held on the above date; the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

*Whereas*, The Rev. Bro. L. L. Allen, of Crystal Fount Division, No. 6, Sons of Temperance, of St. Louis, Missouri, late a Chaplain in the United States Army under General Taylor, having been on a friendly visit to the city of Baltimore, and from his urbanity, brotherly bearing, and exertions in furtherance of the great principles of "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," deserves from us some testimonial of our respect :

Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the Grand Division of Maryland, Sons of Temperance, in meeting assembled, do highly approve of and appreciate the motives and labors of Brother Allen, and, as an evidence of our regard for his zeal in "the cause of all mankind," do hereby tender him the thanks of this body, and recommend him to the friendly consideration of all true and faithful Sons of Temperance of the United States of North America.

*Resolved*, That this be signed by the Grand Worthy Patriarch and Grand Scribe, and the seal of the Grand Division attached, in the city of Baltimore, this fourth day of September, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, and of the institution of the order the fifth.

JAMES YOUNG, G. W. P.

WM. H. GOEBRIGHT, Grand Scribe.

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PHILADELPHIA, STATE OF PENN., U. S. A., March 14, 1848. }  
OFFICE OF NATIONAL DIVISION S. OF T. }

Rev. L. L. ALLEN—

WORTHY BROTHER :—You are hereby appointed and fully empowered to act as a Deputy M. W. Patriarch of the Order of Sons of Temperance of the U. S. of America, to the organization of Subordinate Divisions of the Order in the *City of Rome* and Country of Italy, and in such other cities and countries as, in your projected travels you may visit.

Our Order has for its great object the dissemination of the blessings of *Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating Drinks*. In this great hope it does not confine its wishes to our country alone; but, prompted by its fundamental principle of "good will to all mankind," ardently desires to scatter its white emblems *among all nations*.

That in the estimation of this office, you will zealously carry out the benevolent intentions of the order, you bear with you the evidence in *these Credentials*. That your efforts may be blessed of the Almighty, *Who is the Father of every good cause*, to the establishment of Temperance in many places and to the consequent

good of our fellow beings, is our earnest wish. A *new field* and a noble work lie before you. To be the *first* to plant the flag of our peaceful and benevolent Order, and fix permanently the principles of Total Abstinence, supported by "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," in the "Eternal City," may yet prove an historical fact, and prove also to the favored agent an elevating moral and historical honor.

Again wishing you every success in the good work, and every personal blessing and protection in your tour, with a safe return to home and friends.

I am very truly your Brother in Love, Purity, and Fidelity,  
 FRED. A. FICKARDT, M. W. Scribe,  
 National Division, Sons of Temperance.  
 Approved,  
 PHILIP S. WHITE, M. W. P.

WASHINGTON, 15th October, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:—This letter will be delivered to you by the Rev. Lewis L. Allen, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Allen has acted as Chaplain in General Taylor's division of the army with universal approbation, and bears with him a strong recommendation from the Secretary of War, to General Scott.

Mr. Allen is a pious and excellent man, and his motives for proceeding to Mexico are, I have no doubt, of the purest benevolence.

Any assistance, therefore, which you may afford him, will be considered a personal favor conferred upon

Your friend

Very respectfully,

Major General PATTERSON,  
 of the U. S. Army.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

I believe that all which Mr. Buchanan says of the Rev. Mr. ALLEN, as a Clergyman and a man, is quite true.

DANL. WEBSTER.

Boston, November 16, 1848.

I take pleasure in adding my testimony to the within, and in recommending the Rev. Mr. ALLEN, to a friendly reception and respectful treatment, wherever he may go.

H. CLAY.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1848.

The undersigned being chosen a committee by Bethlehem Union, No. 11, D. of T., for the purpose of giving expression to their feelings of gratitude to the Rev. LEWIS L. ALLEN, for the pleasant visit received from him, and the encouraging remarks to which they had the pleasure of listening, would submit the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That while we reciprocate the kindness and sympathy which he has manifested toward us, we are no less disposed to appreciate his correct and lucid expositions of the principles of our order, and we may be permitted to express a hope that it will ever be our highest ambition to afford to the world an equally correct *practical* illustration of the same.

*Resolved*, That we will cherish the recollection of the brief interview enjoyed with our brother, among the loved memories of by-gone hours, and wherever his future lot may be cast, whether amid the orange groves of Italy, or upon the time hallowed shores of Palestine, or yet among the hills and valleys of our *own* beloved country—we shall continue to feel our interest in his welfare, and rejoice to receive tokens of his prosperity.

*Resolved*, That in his proposed mission, our brother bears with him the earnest wishes of our hearts, that Providence who holds the destinies of mankind at its disposal, will watch over him for good, grant him success in his labors for the suppression of Intemperance, and the elevation of degraded humanity, and finally admit him to the reward of the sanctified.

[L. S.]  
 WORCESTER, October 17, 1848.

CATHARINE A. K. BALL,  
 SARAH H. NILES,  
 H. LOUISE HARTWELL.

November 20, 1848.

REV'D AND DEAR SIR :—Accept the thanks of the Temp. Society over which I preside, for your interesting address of last evening. We shall be happy to have you take tea with us to-morrow evening, at 6 o'clock, and go to hear the Rev. Mr. King, of Dublin, preach in Mt. Vernon Church.

Your Friend,

Rev. L. L. ALLEN.

M. GRANT.

NEW ORLEANS, December the 8th, 1849.

To Brother L. L. ALLEN, P. W. P. of Crystal Fount Division, No. 6, of the State of Missouri.

It is my pleasure, in obedience to the instructions of Louisiana Division, No. 11, Sons of Temperance, to communicate to you, officially, a copy of the following Resolution, adopted by said division on last evening, at its regular meeting.

On motion of Bro. Robt. M. Lusher, Conductor of the Division, and seconded by Bro. G. W. Denis, W. A., it is

*Resolved*, That this Division have with both pride and pleasure listened to the remarks of Bro. ALLEN, of Missouri—pride, because of the honor which so eloquent a tongue bestows on the Order, and pleasure, because tones of thought such as his, strengthen our confidence in the ultimate success of our cause.

By order of the Division,

In L., P. and F.,

G. PANDELY, R. S.

JACKSON, Jan'y. 12, 1850.

Being informed by the Rev. L. L. ALLEN, a Clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and late a chaplain in the army, that he is about to make a tour of this state, in the good cause of promoting temperance, I take pleasure in stating, that although, I have not had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. ALLEN, I am satisfied from the recommendations of distinguished men and the representation of friends, that he is in every respect worthy the friendly attention of the good people of this state.

J. A. QUITMAN.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, ST. LOUIS, 5th March, 1851.

The undersigned, Mayor of the city of Saint Louis, takes great pleasure in recommending to the good people of the State of Missouri, the bearer hereof, the Rev. L. L. ALLEN, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church south, and late a chaplain of the army of the United States, in Mexico. Mr. ALLEN is a laborer in the cause of humanity, in the same wide field with the Rev. Father Matthew, and other philanthropic men whose efforts are effecting so much in redeeming the human race from the miseries of intemperance; and he is now about to make a tour of the State of Missouri, under the sanction of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance, for North America, to further the objects of the society.

I recommend him to the courtesy and kindness of our citizens in every part of the State.

L. M. KENNETT.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS, 3d May, 1851.

The Reverend L. L. ALLEN, a Clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and late a Chaplain in the U. S. Army, has given me to understand that he comes amongst us to engage in the benevolent cause of promoting Temperance. I therefore take pleasure in presenting him to the people of New Orleans, as a disciple of the good Father Matthew, and though not personally acquainted with the Rev. Mr. ALLEN, I am satisfied from the recommendations of distinguished men, that he is worthy of the friendly attentions of the community.

A. D. CROSSMAN.

From the highly respectable testimonials which the Rev. L. L. ALLEN has exhibited to me, I feel no hesitation in recommending him to the kind offices and regards of those among whom he may chance to exercise his mission of temperance and of christian apostolate.

PIERRE SOULE.



## THE ISLAND OF CUBA ;

OR

## QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

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U. S. NAVY, MAY 13, 1851. }  
Steamship Ohio, New Orleans, La. }

For more than ten years I had been cultivating a desire to visit the Island of Cuba. At length, quite unexpectedly, I am about to be gratified. The agent of the steamship company, Mr. Jennings, very politely complimented me with a state-room, which was \$40, on the large and magnificent, and beautiful steamship Ohio, plying between New Orleans and New York, via Havana, commanded by Lieutenant Wilkins Schenk, U. S. N. She left her moorings, opposite the Plaza-de-arms, on Tuesday morning, at half-past 8 o'clock, May 13, 1851, with a large number of passengers; some for Havana, some to New York, and some to California, and others to various countries in Europe. She glided down the Mississippi in majestic, and, indeed, beautiful style. On each side of the river extensive fields of the sugar cane were spread out before the eye, undulating in the gentle breeze. At 4 o'clock, P. M. we passed the bar of the Balize, and rode beautifully upon the deep black sea. Scarcely a ripple disturbed its surface, as we receded from the shore, and the land appeared to be a mere speck. The sun lingered a while, and then went down, seemingly, into the very depths of the ocean. The moon arose with resplendant lustre, and the silvery stars came forth, one by one, looking like the eyes of angels. The sea throughout, on our entire passage, was as calm as a little infant reposing on the bosom of its affectionate mother. On Thursday evening we anchored near the Moro Castle, and lay to until morning, when we passed directly under

her guns, and glided into the harbor, which is not only commodious, and perfectly safe, but most beautifully situated, being almost circular, and surrounded with hills sufficiently elevated to render the harbor secure, as well as to add to its beauty. After being hailed from the Moro, "What ship's that?" and answered "The Ohio," "Where are you from?" "New Orleans," we cast anchor. Soon an officer came on board, and taking my passport from me, which I obtained from the Spanish Consul in New Orleans, by paying two dollars for it, he gave me in return a permit, for which I paid him two dollars more; and after having been examined at the custom house, and paying a dollar or two more, we succeeded in getting to our lodgings at the Havana House, Mr. Woolcott, proprietor. After resting, ablution, &c., I sat down to a sumptuous dinner, and, after eating quite heartily, I sallied out to see the lions and elephants. The Plaza de Arms was my first point, the residence of Governor Concha, the Captain General of the Island of Cuba, holding his appointment from the Queen of Spain. This is a public square, very handsomely laid off, with a monument also, erected to Ferdinand. I also saw the tomb of Columbus. The city of Havana contains a population of 80 or 100,000 inhabitants within its walls, composed of Castillians, from old Spain, and creoles. There are quartered within the city ten thousand soldiers, and it is guarded in every point by strong fortifications. Havana is literally filled with churches, and I have visited a number of them. Most of them are venerable in age. The cathedral is an immense structure, near the Plaza de Arms, composed of lime, coral rock, stone, and cement, and is of Gothic style, very richly and magnificently finished, ornamented with much gold, and embellished with numerous beautiful and elegant pictures, painted by the best artists. On last Sabbath I visited this cathedral, and remained an hour in witnessing the various ceremonies connected with the Catholic service. A large organ pealed out its majestic tones in a variety of ways, from the thundering bass to the soft and dulcet strains, in sweet and harmonious numbers. The Padres, or Priests, with their costly robes, the chaunting of the choir, tinkling of bells, and the various exercises attending the Church of Rome, elicited my attention. The floor of the cathedral is solid marble, constructed in the form of diamonds. I observed very few men there, but quite a number of females, which led me to inquire in my own mind whether it is because there are more refined and tender hearts among them, which render susceptible of sympathy, and thus prepares them to enter into the service of the

church with so much fervency and devotion, and whether there would not be more females than males in that bright and heavenly world of unsullied and unclouded glory, nor sin, nor sorrow known. Many of the worshippers were very thinly and badly clad, and knelt with apparent devotion upon the naked floor for a long period; others were very elegantly and richly attired, and kelt upon carpets, spread for them by their black slaves. Among the worshippers were two sisters of charity, and a number of pupils under their charge, dressed in entire white, with black veils, all completely absorbed in their devotions. Yesterday, at 5 o'clock, P. M., I set out upon a promenade, from the Havana Hotel, and walked entirely around the city on the outside of the walls, passing upon the paseo, on the south side, looking out into the bay, giving a most enchanting and poetical view of the sea, with ships, vessels, sloops, corvets, frigates, and the thousand small boats floating, or rocking lightly upon the surface of the water. From there on to the Navy Yard, then to the western paseo, down to the Theatre—Tacon—a massive building, erected by the energy and enterprise of Signor Tacon. Near this point is a Lapaiza, or public square, enclosed with heavy iron railing, for the purpose of reviewing the Spanish troops. Not far from this square is a public fountain, throwing up its cooling waters, and in the midst of it a large and handsomely finished monument, supporting a beautiful statue, a Goddess of the sea. On each corner of the monument is a large fish in marble, throwing a stream of pure cold water from his mouth. From this point I passed down the north paseo, arriving opposite the Moro Castle. Here are two fountains, with four large marble lions throwing water through their tongues. Here is situated the city prison, where I witnessed a large number of poor fellows engaged at work, with a heavy chain attached to their legs; and as some wandering minstrels were making music upon an organ and tamborine, these unfortunate men were clanking their large chains as they marched to their cells, to be shut up for the night. They were not all Spaniards. What a strong contrast! Only a step between happiness and misery! This is the prison from whence the victim is taken to be garoted. He is placed in a chair on a platform, with irons around his ankles, wrists and neck. His head is fastened firmly to an upright piece of wood; a screw is then fixed upon a crank directly opposite the neck, on the spinal marrow. When the executioner gives it a quick turn, which causes this sharp instrument to penetrate the neck, separating it instantly, causing immediate death, there is a slight

starting of the victim, and then all is over. The soul is separated from the body. The victim is brought out of his cell at 6 A. M., and is immediately executed. His body remains in a sitting posture until 3 o'clock, P. M., his hair floating or streaming in the winds of heaven, a monument to be gazed upon by the assembled multitude and passers by, when it is taken down and placed in a common cart, and conveyed to the cemetery, and deposited among the dead bodies which remain unhonored, bleaching in the dews of heaven by night, and exposed to the scorching rays of the sun by day, adding another victim to this appalling charnel house, unwept, unmourned, and dishonored. The executioner employed to execute the unhappy victim on the occasion referred to, was above 60 years of age, who was condemned to imprisonment during life for manslaughter. He was brought out to the scaffold under a file of soldiers. After he had finished the execution, he received ten dollars from the government, through an officer, who handed it to him with his back turned towards him, and then he was marched back again, with a ball and chain attached to him, under the same escort of armed soldiers, to his lonely and miserable prison, to linger out a long and wretched life. The young man who was garoted was scarcely nineteen years of age. He had been apprehended, tried and convicted, and executed as a spy in the late expedition against the Island, under General Narcissa Lopez. He met his fate without a murmur, or evincing any fear.

I may as well describe the celebrated Fortalice Moro. Having been favoured with letters from some of our most distinguished men, and an introductory to our Consul, I was introduced to the Captain General of the Island, Concha, who very kindly gave me permission to visit his famous Gibraltar, as also the Castelio Cabario, near the Moro, and connected by four subterraneous passages excavated through the solid rock. I set out on my tour of observation at 4 o'clock, P. M. Proceeding to the harbor I procured a small boat, and in twenty minutes was ascending the rocky inclined plain which leads to the gate, guarded by a sentinel. Presenting my commission to him, it was sent to the Governor, who immediately directed me to be passed, receiving me very kindly, and assigned me an escort, who, with much courtesy, conducted me to every part of the fortification. The Moroic, at the entrance of the harbor, looking out upon the sea, and founded upon coral rock, resembling an empty honey-comb. Its base is lashed by the ever restless and foaming ocean. This rock, when embedded in its primitive state, is soft and is hewed with an axe; but,



when exposed to the air, becomes very hard. The fort has been considered impregnable, and it has been supposed that it is equal in strength to the castle of San Juan de Ulloa and Gibraltar; yet I believe it once fell into the hands of the Moors, after a hard siege, and much blood being spilt. There is a very strong tower erected on the point of an angle, called the Moro light house, which emits a very soft, mild, and yet a very brilliant light. At the time of my visit there a number of American armed vessels were cruising off the harbor, lying off and on, under secret orders from our government. I became very much interested in the various display of ensigns, flags, and colors, which were displayed from the flag-staff at the Moro, in speaking to the different classes of these marine vehicles. Astonishing how much intelligence is conveyed through these silent yet significant telegraphs. As I have remarked elsewhere, the Castillio Cabanio is connected with the Moro by four subterraneous passages, sufficiently wide to admit four persons abreast, excavated through the solid rock. The Cabario is a fortified castle, rendered almost impervious to any foreign foes. It was forty years in building, and cost \$7,700,000. I visited every portion of it, from the waters edge, beginning at the very first rock, and ascending to the very last point on the castle, enjoying a commanding view of the surrounding country, which was transcendantly beautiful, and inimitably fine. As far as the eye could gaze, the ocean was spread out before me *like a vast mirror*, resembling an immense mirror reflecting back the light of the soft mellow moon and the silvery stars, with here and there a majestic ship, with her white sails trembling in the breeze, sailing upon the blue waves as graceful as a swan, while the zephyrs were as soft and gentle as though they came from the spice groves of Arabia, while on the other hand the eye took in at one sweep a vast range of undulating and picturesque hills, and vales, waters gushing and refreshing, beautiful gardens, fields of sugar cane, interspersed with the tall and stately palm, pine-apple, orange, lemon and banana. Historians have intimated in their writings that these same subterranean passages, and secret vaults, which, could they speak from beneath the depths of these heavy walls, could tell some sad tales of woe, of the groans of prisoners, and clanking of chains, and deep sighs. It is said, too, that there is the marks of blood on the walls of these damp and lonely cells, and mouldy bones, and ghastly skulls, have been seen in these fearful charnel houses, which makes the timid turn pale, the heart of the philanthropist to throb with sympathy, and the tear to bedim the rosy cheek of the

young and beautiful. The day may not be far distant when the massive prison door will fly open, the prisoner's galling chains be knocked off, and the captive look upon the sweet sky and green earth once more, and inhale the breeze, fragrant with the rose, honeysuckle and jessamine. Heaven hasten that happy hour.

About one league from Havana, through a beautiful grove, is the Bishop's garden, situated in a lovely grove of palm trees. Its palmy days, however, have passed away, and it has fallen very much into decay. There is enough remaining, however, to add to the interest of the visiter. One afternoon, at 4 o'clock, a company of us set out in our volantus to visit this popular place of resort. After riding through an archway, formed by the interlocking of the boughs of trees which were arranged on either side of a smooth road, we came to the Bishop's garden. On alighting from our volantus, or carriage, we walked in procession through a long vista, formed by the coral-rock, with orange and lemon trees, and alternated with palm and mangos. Water is brought into the garden from an inexhaustible spring through aqueducts of stone. A self-moving water-wheel lifts the water from the main aqueduct, and empties it into smaller ones, and thus the entire garden is abundantly watered by this necessary element, which also supplies the entire city of Havana. At one time this garden contained plants, flowers, and fruit, from every clime and tropic on the globe. The palace, which was a magnificent building, has been destroyed by fire. There is, however, enough remaining to render it an object of interest. There are a number of cages, containing wild beasts, lions, tigers, hyenas, wolves, &c. I noticed also two enormous alligators, in cages, so arranged as to permit them to occupy both elements at their leisure, together with other amphibious animals. There were a variety of birds also, such as the eagle, ostrich, hawk, parrot, owl, &c., caged. Every one of them evinced a desire to enjoy their freedom. Here you may see the pine-apple, orange, lemon, banana, mango, &c., growing in friendly contiguity to each other. After taking a draught of good cold water, nature's pure beverage, sparkling and bright, we left the Bishop's garden much gratified with our ride and visit.

My next visit was to a small village called Regla, (to the Bull Fight,) opposite Havana, which is reached by a steam ferry, costing one shilling. A large circular building was erected, with a sufficient number of seats to hold 5,000 persons, with a gallery and pit. Price of admission, \$1 to the gallery, and fifty cents to the pit.

The entire building was filled with men, women and children. A brass band, composed mostly of black persons, discoursed sweet strains of music, while the Governor and suite, in full military, sat in a box prepared exclusively for that purpose, seemed to enjoy it very much, while the audience were filling the seats previous to the commencing of this barbarous sport. At 4 o'clock, P. M., a large gate opened, and a cavalcade entered, of horses richly caparisoned, and cavaliers richly dressed and mounted; some on mules and some on horses, while a number in various costumes, followed by three mules abreast, harnessed to a whiffletree, with a beautiful covering over them, with bells upon their heads, driven by four men. After the cavaliers had taken their positions, the chief of the cavaliers rode up to the box where the Governor was seated, and made his obeisance. Taking off his hat, the Governor threw into it a large key, fastened to a bunch of red ribbon, which he immediately handed to a servant, who unlocked another large gate leading into another large yard or pen. Immediately a large brindle bull, with a tremendous pair of horns, dashed furiously into the arena, looking terribly affrighted and maddened. After staring wildly at the audience, he suddenly whirled around, raising his head, stood a moment, his eyes flashing defiance, then dashed furiously among the entire cavaliers, plunging one of his horns through the side of one of the horses. Drawing it out, the blood streamed out in profusion. Making another plunge, he turned the horse and his rider over, killing the horse instantly on the spot, and injuring the rider; but, by his dexterity, he escaped death, though imminently exposed. The horse was immediately dragged from the combat, and another placed in his stead, which the cavalier who had been so unceremoniously unhorsed a few minutes before, mounted in a bold and fearless manner. No sooner had he seated himself firmly in his saddle, lance in hand, when the bull, stung to madness, his neck being full of poisoned arrows, dashed with tremendous fury and impetuosity upon the bold cavalier, dashing him and his horse to the ground, goring the struggling animal most horribly, causing almost instant death of the horse; still the rider escaped almost by a miracle. Finally the bull, tortured on all sides, writhing under the poisonous arrows, and becoming faint by the loss of blood, he fell, struggling like a hero martyr dying, amid the shouts of the audience and the acclamations of his murderers. Four large, fine bulls, were killed, one after the other; not, however, until they, in their turn, killed four fine horses. One of the chief features in this sport, and which

attracted so many, myself among the number, was a young and beautiful girl, scarcely seventeen years of age, as lovely a creature as heaven ever smiled upon, being one of the chief actresses in the exciting and thrilling scene. Notwithstanding this barbarous custom, which has obtained so much notoriety among some nations, was so revolting to refinement, yet I found myself strongly interested in the success of the actors of the bloody and tragical scene. The young female to whom I have alluded was Spanish. The feat consisted in this young *Senorita* standing upon a barrel, with chains around her ankles, then with a scarf of a crimson or blue color held up before her. The infuriated animal was then started full tilt after her, when she would leap with great dexterity away from him, with the chains around her ankles. It made my blood curdle in my veins to see this young and beautiful creature thus exposed to the fury of a mad bull. When the bull on several occasions would come full tilt after her, and the vast audience almost breathless, a cold chill would run over me, holding me spell bound, until she bounded like an antelope away from the maddened creature. Then one simultaneous burst of applause and acclamation of praise went up from their breasts, and a shower of gold literally fell upon her, from the wealthy planters and merchants who seemed so much delighted with her feats of agility. This is the first and last bull fight which I ever expect to see. Singularly strange, indeed, that people of any nation, or any clime, cannot find a more rational mode of amusement.

The city prison is near the punta, not far from the fort, opposite the Moro Castle, on the calle, or road, leading to the cemetery. You pass out of the city through a gate of the wall, forty feet in thickness, guarded by a file of soldiers; and also, near this, another not so strong. This prison is situated also at the foot of the pasao, or grand promenade ground. A very large reservoir of water, of rock, with lions pouring this element from their mouths. Not live ones, but stone. There are a large number of prisoners confined in the prison. Most of them had a large chain fastened to their leg. The prison was exceedingly filthy, and almost suffocating with heat.

How forcibly an American is reminded of his own native home, and fireside scenes—how the mind clusters around his loved institutions, his altars and hearthstones—how his affections cling to the green hills and lovely vales, the meandering stream, the bubbling brook, and silvery cascade, and rolling sea; the golden fruit, fertile fields, and rich harvests of grain.



The cemeteries of the Island of Cuba are unlike any country which I have ever visited. They are situated about one league from Havana, (those I am about to describe,) the Catholic or Spanish, Seamen's, English and American, left with scarcely an enclosure to protect them from obtrusion—from the sacrilegious. I was sadly disappointed, anticipating an opportunity of reviewing some elegant and beautiful monuments in commemoration of the departed; but scarcely a pedestal, or urn, or shaft, or, indeed, slab of marble, is to be seen in either cemetery; but thousands of bones lie either in heaps or scattered over the burying grounds, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, or bleaching in the dews of night, resembling one vast charnel house. I walked over to the cemetery near the sea shore, where lay strewn the bones of my countrymen. Some had been engaged in war's stern commotion, amid scenes of blood and carnage. Some had been tossed upon old ocean's billowy wave, while others had pursued a more peaceful occupation; and a few had sought this beautiful Queen of the Antilles to restore a shattered constitution. I stood upon the sea-shore, the sun was lingering upon the last foaming wave that advanced, and then retreated. The murmuring billows created a peculiar kind of melody as I gazed upon this vast mirror, emblem of the Deity, and then upon these mouldy bones and ghastly skeletons. A sadness came over the spirit of my dreams when I thought that perhaps some poor victim had been arrested by that scourge that walketh in darkness, or wasteth at noonday, away from his loved ones; no kind and affectionate wife, or loved sister, to close his dying eye, or pillow his head; no devoted and faithful minister of the cross to administer consolation in his last hour. I retraced my steps, rejoicing that I was an American. In all ages a proper respect has been paid by most nations to the memory of the dead, and that was a beautiful teaching of one who said, "Let me die and be buried among mine own kindred." The Hebrews, Egyptians, Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, Asiatics, and Europeans, erected the most costly and magnificent monuments to commemorate the memory of the departed dead; and America, too, has her Mount Auburn, near Boston; Greenwood, near Brooklyn; Laurel Hill, Philadelphia; Green Mount, Baltimore; Mount Hope, Rochester; Belle Fontaine, St. Louis; French and American, New Orleans, and the Congressional, near Washington city, where we may retire from the scenes of life, and wander amid the pedestals, lofty shafts, beautiful columns, and majestic urns, with the cypress of mourning, and myrtle of hope, entwining amid the fragrant and delicate rose.

Here he may retire from the busy hum of life, hold with the mighty dead, and commune with the spirit of his loved ones.

The Orphan Asylum is about one mile from the city of Havana, near sea shore, with ample grounds and extensive buildings, enclosed with a high and massive wall. The matron I found to be not only a very fine looking lady, but really possessed of fine qualifications of head and heart, having an excellent education, and an affectionate disposition, endearing herself to the orphan, and, by her mild and gentle course, enthroning herself in their little hearts. I was conducted through the entire department by a very courteous young Spanish companion, who appeared to take much delight in showing me every minutiae connected with the asylum—the refectory, ordinary, play grounds, studio, &c. The little creatures seemed quite happy and very much interested in seeing *Los Americanos* paying them a friendly visit. I observed that they all had their hair cut off very close to their heads, which gave them a very funny appearance. The object of this was to keep their heads cool, and free from fever, &c. I left this part of the asylum, and proceeded to the chapel, which was brilliantly illuminated. Soon the chapel was filled with these little orphans, who commenced singing in the innocence of their young hearts. I left them as the last strain fell upon my ear. I lingered a moment to catch the faint dulcet strain vibrated faintly upon my ear, offering a fervent prayer for the orphan.

Guinnez is 45 miles from Havana, which is reached by the Railroad. This is the very Eden of Cuba, and the retreat of the invalid, and the resort of the fashionable pleasure seekers. The chief attractions here are the rich sugar and coffee plantations, and verdure, which is almost perennial. Here the stately pine grows to the height of 60 and 70 feet without a single branch, until near the top, where a crown of evergreen is perched like a gem in a coronet of a young queen. The pineapple grows to great perfection here, as also does the lemon and orange, the banana, strawberry and raspberry. The flowers bloom in sweetness, flinging their odour to the breath of man, cooled with myriads of dewdrops sparkling in the sunlight, while the air is made vocal with the music of birds with the most beautiful plumage, carolling out the sweetest and most melodious strains. A fountain of water is constantly throwing up its crystal gems, cooling the atmosphere. Here you may enjoy the mild zephyr as it fans your cheek, or inhale the atmosphere, so refreshing to the invalid. By all means pay a visit to this lovely retreat.

The Railroads in Cuba will compare very creditably with those in the United States, and they ought to, for they have been constructed by American engineers and mechanics. Most of the engineers are from the States, both on the railroads and plantations, who receive \$125 per month. The distance from Havana to Matanzas is 66 miles. There are three classes of passenger trains; the first for the upper tens, the second for the middle class, and the third for the lower or republican class. The prices ranging thus: \$6 50, \$4 25, and \$2 75. The first class that I went in company with contained four persons, the second eight, and the last 100. Being a plain Republican, I took the third class, which gave me a fine opportunity to see the country, enjoy the pleasant breeze, and become acquainted with the manners and customs of the people. There were many very wealthy and respectable families rode in the third class. Pride costs much trouble, pain and expense. We left Havana at 6 o'clock, A. M. took breakfast at 9 in Gaines, and arrived in the town of Matanzas at 12, M. Much money and labor have been expended on the railroads in Cuba, in excavating through the coral-rock, and over many ravines, through hills and vales.

Matanzas is a city containing a population of 20,000 persons. It is situated at the head of a beautiful and commodious harbor or Bay, where vessels lie at anchor from almost every port in the world. There are two streams of fresh water emptying into the bay, the Sormoovi and the San Juan. Matanzas is environed by rocky and, in many instances, craggy hills. Most of the buildings, as in Havana, are constructed of the coral rock. Nearly a mile from the city there is an immense cave, and also a gorge, or pass through the rocks, giving strong evidence that the river broke through, making its way to the bay. There is but one church in Matanzas. Catholic, of course. The city is under the jurisdiction of a Governor. The paseo is a very extensive walk, extending along the bay for nearly a mile, with a road in the centre for carriages and equestrians, with rows of large and beautiful shade trees. At 6 o'clock, every evening, numerous companies of Sonoros, Senioritas and Senors, are to be met, in their volantes, enjoying the pleasant breeze from the waters, and listening to the enlivening strains from the band. At the end of the paseo is a strong fortification guarding the bay and city. On the eminence overlooking the paseo are magnificent mansions, occupied by the Garcia family, who are very wealthy and influential, and universally esteemed. One of the gentlemen has recently formed an alliance

with an accomplished young lady from the city of New York. The Garcias are very patriotic, and are favorable to a change of government, and also to the annexation of the Island to the United States. I paid my respects to Mr. Roaney, our Consul, who is a citizen of Delaware. Although he is from a little State, he has a large soul, and an enlarged mind, taking a comprehensive and intelligent view of men and things. Matanzas is the place where Gen. Narissa Lopez once resided, over which he once had jurisdiction as Governor. He has many friends and adherents here. In case of another invasion by the expeditionists under his command, there are many in Matanzas who would rally around his standard. At the time I visited this place there were very many who were looking with great anxiety towards the North for Lopez's forces, desiring an entire change in the form of government in all its distinctive and various forms.

Cardenas is thirty miles from Matanzas on a line, but more than that distance (the way I went) by railroad, through the heart of the country, giving all the beautiful and variegated scenes which the most fertile mind can imagine, or the most graphic pen describe, or delicate pencil delineate, through extensive plantations of coffee, sugar cane, palm, orange, lemon and pine-apple, every thing looking so fresh, nature putting on her richest livery, undulating in the passing breeze. Cardenas is a very small town, and also very young, containing a population of about 5,000 souls. It lies at the head of a small bay, with clusters of islands in sight, covered with perpetual verdure. A large and magnificent cathedral stands in the centre of the town, which is its principal ornament. Cardenas will ever be memorable. American blood has been spilled here. The American ball, too, has been set in motion here, and it never goes back either. This is the point where Lopez, with a handfull of Americans, landed and encountered an overwhelming force, losing many valuable lives. What the sequel of all this will be, time alone will eventually develope.

Without saying one word, either pro. or con., relative to the propriety or impropriety of the late invasionists, styled by some the Liberating Army, and by others Fillibusters, or, in other words, pirates—I am an American. In regard to the material composing the army of liberation, admitting that there were men among them who were no better than they should be, yet there were men among them whose patriotism, chivalry and bravery, who had been tried and proven in other climes, and on battle-fields at Palo Alto, Monterey, Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Del Rey, Chapultapec, and other points in the Aztec



clime, and who had held important offices in the gift and confidence of the government. As to the motives which actuated them in this movement, it is not for me to know; and what important consequences are involved in this act, future historians may tell, and future orators may depict in eloquent terms, and graphic and glowing characters. Of one fact I may speak; that the spirit of liberty is too much diffused among the people of the Island of Cuba for it to remain, for any length of time, under the bond of oppression. How this is to be accomplished I leave to the future historians and statesmen to say—whether by conquest, or purchase, or both, or whether she will exert herself into an independent Republic, or become annexed as another State of the Union.

The sugar plantations on the Island are very extensive, laid out on a large and extensive plan, and immense quantities of sugar and molasses are made annually. Sugar, however, is the principal and staple product of the Island. Some coffee is made, however. The planters find it more profitable to convert their coffee into sugar plantations. In former years the sugar-cane was ground with bulls; now it is ground with machinery moved by steam. They also sent their sugar and molasses to the place of embarkation in kegs, on the backs of mules. Now it is sent in cars upon the Railroad. It is astonishing what immense quantities of sugar is manufactured in Cuba annually upon the plantations. I observed ten slaves to one white man. Although concealed weapons are forbidden, yet every overseer has a brace of pistols to holsters, and a matchel or sword fastened to his body. The slaves are nearly naked, having merely a pair of pantaloons upon their bodies. Their food is very indifferent, and they are worked very hard. That they should feel their oppression, and look towards the United States—which, in spite of all the efforts made to prevent, they occasionally hear glowing accounts of—I say no wonder they sigh for a change in their condition.

My intercourse with the people led me to observe pretty accurately the manners and customs of the people among all classes. The laws of hospitality hold good. Both Castillians and Creoles are social and kind people. Whenever I entered their mansions, I was greeted with the salutation of "Buenis deis, Senor." Good morning, sir. "El coffa?" Take a cup of coffee? "El cigareta?" Smoke a cigar, sir? The old Castillian language is rich and mellow, as possessed of liquid sounds. When two or more are engaged in conversation, they become exceedingly animated. The gestures become vehement, the

countenance radiant, and the eye sparkles and flashes, and they become very eloquent. Their general demeanor to each other, and to strangers, is very affable and courteous. Their principal amusements are card playing, dancing, attending the Theatre, bull fights, and riding in their volantes. The females walk very little; neither do they wear bonnets; but ribbons, or beautiful veils, or scarfs, thrown over their heads at their leisure, which vary in prices according to their quality, from a quarter to a hundred dollars. When a gentleman invites a lady to ride with him, he first seats himself firmly in the saddle; she places one foot upon his left, which is in the stirrup, and with the utmost ease vaults into the seat with him, sitting on his lap, so that she is perfectly secure. It is impossible for her to fall, so long as her lord remains firm. The dress of the Cubans is very light and extremely neat; consisting mostly of white linen. Bathing is frequent; having access to the sea-bath.

When a gentleman wishes to address a young lady, he must either converse with her on the outside of the bars of her room, or else in the presence of her mother; which is equivalent to a declaration of his love, and application for her hand and heart. I ought to have observed that the females are scarcely ever seen at their doors, but almost universally sit at their windows, which are secured by long bars of iron, having blinds on the inside which they can open at pleasure.

The Cubans are remarkably, and indeed passionately fond of music, vocal and instrumental. The drawing rooms of the most wealthy and intelligent ladies are most universally furnished with the piano forte and the guitar, and in some instances the harp. The connoisseurs and amateurs among gentlemen, practice and play upon the violin, flute, guitar, accordeon, and piano, besides martial music. There are some well organized bands, who occasionally parade through the streets on grand and gala occasions, and also occasionally give serenades on some beautiful moonlight nights.

The island of Cuba is nearly eight hundred miles in length, and thirty-five miles at its narrowest width, and one hundred and thirty-five at the widest point, containing a population of one million, seven hundred thousand, divided into Castilian, Creoles, and slaves. There is a theory that the island has been made by the coral insect. Strange that so insignificant an insect should toil on incessantly by day, and through the live-long night, way down in the deep, green sea, patiently persevering, never heeding the numerous obstacles which present themselves in the way. What a lesson is here taught the intelligent portion

of creation, who become wearied when a few difficulties rise up to hinder their enterprise. There are thousands of intelligent and intellectual beings, could they be possessed of the colossal and herculean power to grasp the Himmala mountains, and hurl them into the midst of the ocean, would hasten to perform the act, but how few, indeed, have patience to take a chisel and mallet, and sit down, day after day, at its base, and toil until they had levelled it even with the earth. In all the grand and magnificent enterprises of any age, it requires incessant toil and continued effort, as in the construction and formation of this beautiful pearl of the Gulf. So man is taught to toil on in the accomplishment of every noble enterprise.

There is but one religious sect in the entire island, the Roman Catholic, established by law. Of its tenets, dogmas, ceremonies and doctrines, you are all familiar. Of the priests, in general, I am not prepared to speak in the highest terms ; if it be true that they, professing to be the priests of the most high God, bearing the vessels of the Lord, legates of the skies ! are guilty of violating a law of God and of man in their intercourse with the slaves, then indeed are they culpable indeed, and blind leaders of the blind. Of the votaries of the catholic religion in this country, I have but little to say, the devotions of the cathedral seemed little more than a continued series of mummeries and ceremonies. An incident occurred one Sabbath morning while I was visiting the cathedral. As I entered this majestic, and, indeed, I might say splendid edifice, the choir were chanting in connection with the deep toned organ, and the priests were going through with their portion of the exercises, one of the attendants passed through the entire audience, distributing lighted candles, giving one to me. I took it very mechanically, not wishing to be singular. Soon the audience knelt, when one of the priests directed me to do the same ; recollecting that I was not in the United States, I dropped down upon one knee, but no sooner was the priest's back turned than I gave the candle to a negro, and deliberately walked out. It is doubtful who was the most astonished, the priest, the negro, the indignant choir, or myself. I hope my good catholic friends will not deem me incapable of appreciating the excellency of the catholic religion, but some how or other I never could bear coercion, it may be because my ancestry were cradled near Bunker Hill, and I inherit the same spirit which was enthroned in their hearts, if so, I am not to blame, having been born, bred and nurtured in a land where freedom was our birthright, and liberty was perched on our standard ; no wonder that having the genius of an American engrafted

within him, he should feel some repugnance in being compelled to kneel at a shrine with which he feels no affinity, and where the incense burned at an altar which was not congenial with his own feelings. However, I hope I shall be forgiven this obduracy ; whether I shall repent me of this evil is at least problematical. But a truce upon all this. Aside from the singular and, to me, irksome ceremony, I was seriously impressed.

The politics of the island are aristocratic , the form of government is monarchical. Belonging to old Spain, it is governed by the Queen through a Captain-General, who has entire government and jurisdiction over it, ruling with a rod of iron. A class of the people are very well educated, many having been educated in our colleges and seminaries in the United States and Europe, being highly accomplished, and the mind being adorned not only with the most solid branches, but embellished with the lighter and ornamental. The lower classes are painfully neglected, being very ignorant, filled with deep rooted prejudices, and exceedingly treacherous. Secret societies are forbidden in the island ; at one time there was a Masonic lodge in existence at Havana, but the government directed it to be disbanded, and it cannot under the present form of government exercise its functions without subjecting its members to a very severe penalty. The day may, however, come when these difficulties will be obviated.

Temperance ! In regard to temperance on the island of Cuba, it is a singularly interesting fact that the only persons which I saw intoxicated were foreigners, and most of them Americans. Although much brandy, rum, and gin is drank, especially in Havana, yet the principal beverage is wine, which is drank as freely as we drink coffee and tea : the Catalana wine, is that which is drank the most freely by all classes. I have frequently seen the peasantry making their breakfast, dinner and supper entirely from wine and bread. When I proposed to the Cubans to open my commission to them as a temperance missionary, they observed that it was unnecessary to exercise my apostolate to them, as they were all very temperate, but if I could do something to reform my countrymen they would very cheerfully co-operate with me in the glorious and sublime enterprise. What a comment upon America ! the land of freedom, and philanthropy and genius, and song and poetry.

In the centre of the grand *passo* is the la plaza, or public square, enclosed with a heavy, high iron railing, within this railing, on Sabbath afternoon, at four o'clock, Concha, the new Captain-General, reviewed



his troops, consisting of about four or five battallions, most of them, I should think were not over twenty-four years of age, and they had all been drafted from old Spain, the mother country ; they all wore brown linen blouses, and neat little valises upon their backs, canteens by their sides, and loaded muskets, with bayonets transfixed, and a supply of cartridges--there were two large brass bands of music, who performed some very fine pieces as the entire troop passed in review before the Captain-General and his staff, in full uniform, making a grand and imposing spectacle. Concha, by the way, is a very fine looking fellow, and withal being in great favor with his Queen. I undertook to enumerate his titles, but got tired out after I had counted some dozen or more, and then gave it up by adding &c., &c., &c.

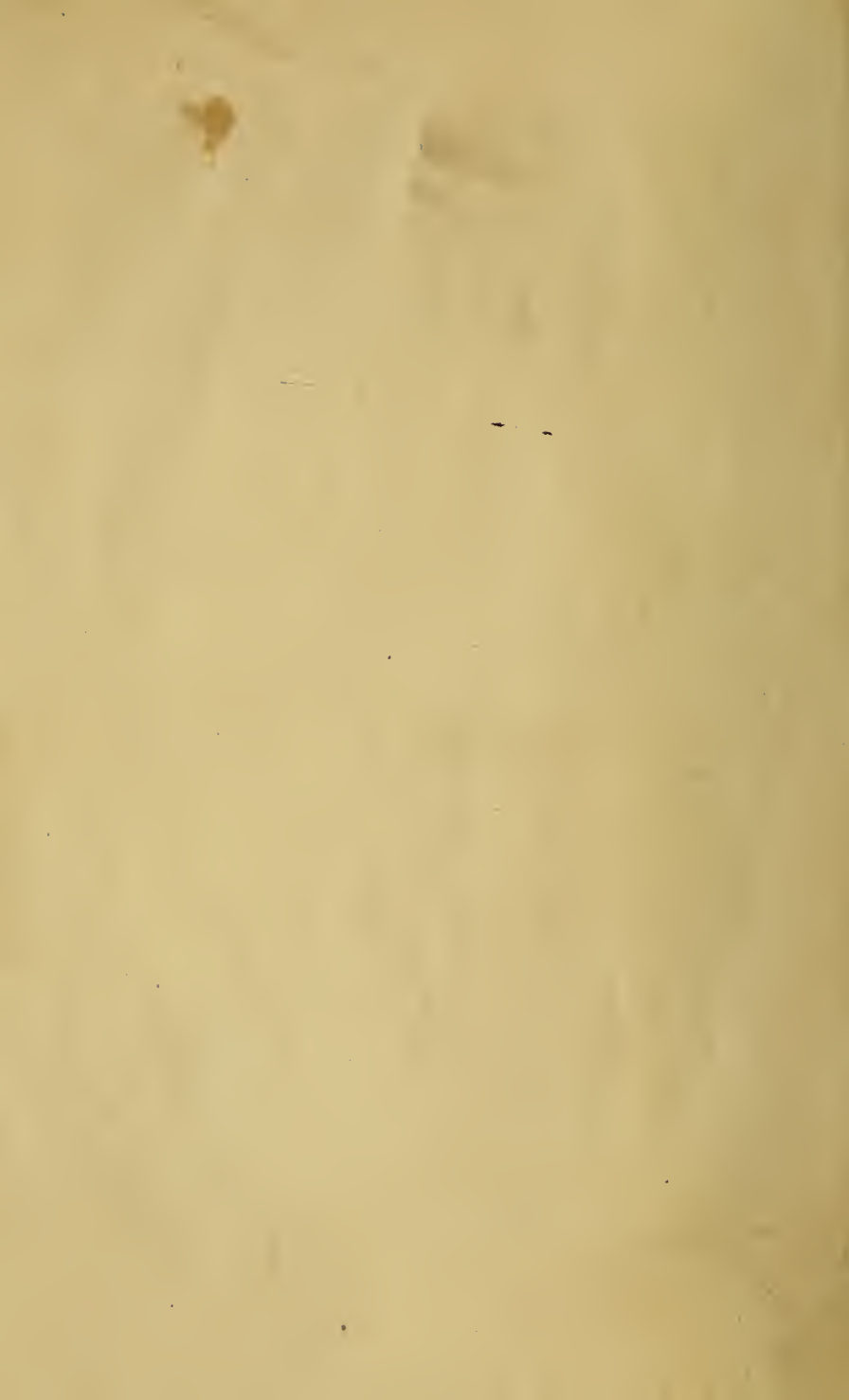
Senor Tacon was probably the most intelligent and liberal minded man, as well as generous and enterprising Captain-General that the island was ever favored with. It was to his energy that the city of Havana was supplied with good water ; he also laid out and constructed the grand *passo*, outside the walls. The Grand Theatre was named after him, the most commodious and magnificent between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, capable of containing five thousand persons, with six tiers of galleries. It was in this, the Grand Tacon Theatre, that Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, enchanted immense audiences of the *Habaneros*, upon her late visit there, accompanied by Barnum, the prince of showmen, and his troupe, including Benedict, Belletti, Kyle, Salvi, &c.

As you are passing out of the harbor of Havana, a beautiful monument greets the eye, enclosed within an iron railing, erected to the memory of Tacon. The statue erected to Tacon is very neat, constructed of the most beautiful white marble, a pure stream of water running through one of the hands. On the entablature there is written *Tacon*. A beautiful and enduring memento to his memory.

This beautiful Gem of the Ocean, sometimes called the "Pearl of the Sea," "Key to the Gulph," and "Queen of the Antilles," is attracting the attention of the Europeans as well as Americans ; but it is very evident that it is too remote from England to become annexed to that country, and there are elements at work, unless we greatly mistake the signs of the times, to dismember it from Spain, at no distant period. Whether it be the manifest destiny, or not : it has increased much in interest to the United States. Within a few years, the great thoroughfare, opened to the Isthmus, and from thence to Lower and Upper California, and Oregon, it seems to be the tendency of things, that this

garden-spot should form a portion of the United States. And why not? I appeal to the philanthropist and christian, whether it would not be infinitely better for the oppressed Cubans, to live under a form of government where all men are "free and equal," and where the genius of liberty diffuses its halo among its votaries, and all worship at their own shrine, and genius, song, poetry, and eloquence shed their radiance around, and the benign influence of peace and reconciliation be enjoyed by the Inhabitants of the Island of Cuba, the beautiful Queen of the Antilles?









Who was connected as a Chaplain, with the American army in Mexico, under the command of Gen. Winfield Scott and the late President TAYLOR, who also wrote a series of Letters from that country, entitled "Pencilings on the Rio Grande," and appeared originally in a prominent St. Louis paper, and who has recently returned from a visit to that interesting and beautiful spot, the Island of Cuba, has devoted the last three years in advancing the cause of Temperance in the South-west; and arrived here a few days since, with the intention of delivering a number of Lectures to the good people of the Forest City.

We take pleasure in stating that he comes highly recommended by the most distinguished men in the country—Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, HENRY CLAY, Wm. L. MARCY, JAMES BUCHANAN, GEN. TAYLOR, QUITMAN and LAMAN, Rev. Dr. DUVIN, the Mayors St. Louis and New Orleans, and various societies before whom he has lectured, as a man of pure character, a zealous devotion to the cause of philanthropy and an efficient and eloquent Lecturer.

He announces the following Lectures, which have been delivered before large and popular audiences in various cities of the Union. The time and place to be made known hereafter.

1. The History of Temperance.
2. Scenes upon the battle-field in the Aztec clime, during the years of 46-'7 and '8.
3. The Queen of the Antilles; Or a visit to the Island of Cuba, &c.

In these respective lectures, the Lecturer will advert to the rise, progress and history, of the Temperance cause in various countries; more especially in our own country, Mexico and Cuba. We have no doubt that the entire course will instruct, and please, especially his graphic and thrilling descriptions of the battle scenes, and the interesting Island, which is attracting the attention of the public mind. We bespeak for him crowded audiences.—[*Ohio Paper*.]

At a large and respectable meeting of the citizens composed of Ladies and Gentlemen, convened at Andrew's Hall, the Rev. Samuel Beattie was called to take the chair, and L. Haynes appointed Secretary. After listening to a deeply interesting address upon the evils of intemperance, from the Rev. L. L. Allen, late Chaplain of the U. S. Army in Mexico, the following Resolutions were presented by Hon. Hiram McMillen, and passed by a unanimous vote.

1st. *Resolved*, That the thanks of this meeting be tendered to the Rev. Mr. Allen for the eloquent and instructive address delivered to this audience.

2nd. *Resolved*, That we commend him to the courtesy and kindness of the friends of temperance, wherever he may be called to labor.

3d. *Resolved*, That we present our thanks to Mr. Andrews, for the gratuitous use of this Hall.

4th. *Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings signed by the President and Secretary be presented to Mr. Allen and that the editors of the Milan Free Press be respectfully requested to publish them.

The following amendment offered by Dea. Philo Adams, was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That we will not countenance or support in any way Distilleries that manufacture intoxicating liquors.

Rev. SAMUEL BEATTIE, *Ch'n*

L. HAYNES, *Secy.*—[*Ohio Paper*.]

LOVE, PURITY AND FIDELITY.—We are indebted to the author for a copy of an "Oration delivered before the Sons of Temperance, at Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the Birth-Day of Washington, by Rev. L. L. ALLEN." This oration was published at the request of a committee of members of the Sons of Temperance at Fort Smith. It is an eloquent denunciation of the mischief of intemperance, as seen not only in other countries but in our own, and contains numerous appeals in favor of putting a stop to the encroachments of this destroyer. Mr Allen is known as a distinguished advocate of the cause of temperance in this section of the Union, and a very happy means of extending his usefulness has been adopted, in the publication of his address. He can in this way reach thousands who would most probably, never hear his public lectures.—[*St. Louis Republican*.]



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